[Title]

# Andrew Gallagher and Sarah Murphy

Nash stepped over a log as he looked around. His sister, Emberlynn was trailing behind, not really paying attention. He heard Silverstone River in the distance. *I’ll go over to the river… Haven’t been there in a while,* he thought. Nash changed his direction slightly, angling himself towards Silverstone River.

Soon the trees started to part as the sound of the river grew louder. He scrambled down the riverbank quickly, to stand next to the water. Nash crouched down to look at the small fish swimming in the river. He jumped as a few rocks fell to the side of him. He looked over to see a boy, maybe seventeen, watching him. “Hey,” Nash said.

“Hi.” The boy said, looking down at his notebook. The boy angled his notebook away from Nash, apparently trying to hide what was on it.

“Wat’cha writing?” Nash asked, sitting down.

“A book,” he said plainly, obviously not wanting to talk.

“I’m Nash. What’s your name?” He said, trying to start a conversation.

“Jack,” the boy said. He read a little of what was in his notebook, scribbled it out, and started writing again.

“What kind of book are you writing?” Nash asked.

“\*,”

“Cool. So-” Nash was cut off by a yell from the woods, from the direction he came. The voice had sounded startled and pained. It was a girl’s voice… “Ember!” Nash jumped up and half-scrambled, half-sprinted up the side of the riverbank, leaving Jack sitting, confused.

Still holding his notebook and pen, Jack stood up and ran after Nash. *What was the scream? Who’s Ember? Why am I following the kid?* Thoughts ran through his head as he ran after Nash through the woods. Jack saw the kid stop short and bend over. “What happened?” Nash asked.

Jack caught up and saw that he was talking to a girl about sixteen- or seventeen-years old. “Think I broke my ankle.” She said through clenched teeth.

Jack looked down to see her ankle bent at an odd angle, and a little swollen. “Looks broken,” He said.

The girl jumped; she hadn’t noticed Jack until now. Nash introduced them as quickly as he could, “Ember, this is Jack. Jack this is my sister, Ember.”

Ember nodded, “Hi.” She turned to Nash, “How am I going to get home now? My ankle’s broken, so I can’t move at all.” She said, suddenly aware of the danger she was in.

“I can run home... Jack can you stay here with Ember? Make sure she doesn’t break her other ankle?” He added, smiling.

Jack, caught a little off guard, just nodded. Nash turned to Ember, who nodded, her eyes glazed with pain.

“Kay, I’ll be back with mom or dad or someone,” Nash said. He turned and ran off through the woods, faster than Jack thought he would have been able to run.

Jack looked in the direction Nash had run as he quickly became shielded by the leaves and trees. Jack turned to Ember as she started talking, “How did you meet Nash?”

“He found me writing at Silverstone River.” Jack said, sitting down. He made sure he was facing the way Nash had run, so he would know when he returned.

“What are you writing?” She asked, shifting her weight so less pressure was on her ankle. She winced as she bumped it on a root.

“You should keep your ankle above your heart… It’ll make it hurt less.” Jack advised her. She brushed her brown hair out of her face and propped her ankle on a tree root that saw sticking out of the ground. “I’m writing a book about \*,” he said.

“Oh.” She said. She swiveled her head to where Nash had run. Jack looked over to see Nash and two adults, a man and a woman, walking briskly in their directly. He stood up, and Nash pointed. The two ran over to Ember. Jack saw that Nash was holding a small piece of wood, cut into the shape of an “L.” The woman, Nash and Ember’s mother, he presumed, was holding a roll of cloth.

The man